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On the Deplorable Death of the moſt accompliſhed, vertuous, and oblidging Gentelman,

Sr. JAMES ANSTRUTHER,

Of *Airdrie* Kt., Advocat, and Clerk to the Bills.

IS *Anſter* dead? then, fair-well Courteſie,
Sobrietie, and Wit, and Modeſtie;
I never hope to ſee them all in one
So joyn'd, but at the Reſurrection.
In him the learned *Plato's* wiſh we ſaw
Imbodied Vertue, mortal breath to draw.
He from his lateſt Gaſp, unto his Birth,
Was fitted more for Heaven then for the Earth.
Of him the World, the age, his Friends may vaunt,
Here lyes a Lawyer: liv'd, and died a Saint.
I'le ſay no more, leſt I the times offend;
Wee'l meet again in Heaven, and ther's an end.

Mors Portus eſt, ad quem in his mundi calamitatibus miſeri navigamus omnes? Ad quem quo citius pervenerimus, eo celerius liberabimur. Idiota *de Contempl: mortis.*

Ὁν γὰρ φιλᾶ Θεὸς ἀποθνήσκει Νέος.

Menander.

Pange toros, pete vina, roſas cape, tingere Nardo,
Ipſe jubet mortis te meminiſſe Deus.
Sæpe bonis brevis eſt ætas, & rara ſenectus,
Quicquid Amas, Cupias non placuiſſe nimis. Martial.

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